

The Alleghenian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 6.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1864.

NUMBER 6.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.
Bethel Station
Carrolltown
Chess Springs
Conemaugh
Cressona
Ebensburg
Fallen Timber
Gallitzin
Hemlock
Johnstown
Loretto
Meral Point
Newman
Plattsville
Roseland
St. Augustine
Scalp Level
Sommerhill
Summit
Wilmore

Post Masters.
Enoch Reese
Joseph Reese
Henry Nutter
A. G. Crooks
J. Houston
John Thompson
Asa H. Fiske
J. M. Christy
Wm. Tiley, Jr.
I. E. Chandler
M. Adlesberger
E. Wissingner
A. Durbin
Andrew J. Ferral
G. W. Bowman
Stan. Wharton
George Berkey
B. McGowan
B. F. Slick
William M'Connell Wash'n.
Morris Keil

Districts.
Blacklick
Carroll
Chest
Taylors
Washington
Ebensburg
White
Gallitzin
Wash'n.
Johns'wn.
Loretto
Concn'gh.
Munster
Sus'ghan.
Clearfield
Richland
Washt'n.
Croyle
S'merhill

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEMMON, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. H. M'BRIDE, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.
Wesleyan—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.
Catholic—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Baptist—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Monday at 10 o'clock and Wednesdays at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 11 o'clock, A. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, etc., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 5 A. M.
The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, etc., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.
West—Balt. Express leaves at 8.18 A. M.
Fast Line " 9.11 P. M.
Phila. Express " 9.02 A. M.
Mail Train " 7.08 P. M.
Emigrant Train " 3.15 P. M.
East—Through Express " 8.38 P. M.
Fast Line " 12.36 A. M.
Fast Mail " 7.08 A. M.
Through Accom. " 10.39 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Bailey, Henry C. Devine.
Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.
Register and Recorder—James Griffin.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glass.
Treasurer—Isaac Wike.
Poor House Directors—George M'Cullough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.
Auditors—William J. Williams, George C. Zahn, Francis Tierney.
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.
Coroner—William Flattery.
Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.
Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Nathan Kinkaid.
Borough—A. A. Barker.
School Directors—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.
EAST WARD.
Constable—Thomas J. Davis.
Town Council—J. Alexander Moore, Daniel E. Evans, Richard R. Tibbott, Evan E. Evans, William Clement.
Inspectors—Alexander Jones D. O. Evans.
Judge of Election—Richard Jones, Jr.
Assessor—Thomas M. Jones.
Assistant Assessors—David E. Evans, Wm. S. Davis.
WEST WARD.
Constable—William Mills, Jr.
Town Council—John Dougherty, George C. Zahn, Isaac Crawford, Francis A. Shoemaker, James S. Todd.
Inspectors—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.
Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.
Assessor—James Murray.
Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Dan. C. Zahn.

A Great Speech.

On the evening of the 24th ult., at National Hall, Philadelphia, Vice President Hamlin made a most eloquent and glowing speech, in the course of which occurred the following remarks:—
I take it that in all this audience—nay, in all the country—there is no man who is not in favor of peace. I am for peace. I am a peace man, and I come to-night to talk to you of the best method of securing peace. Those who are as dear to me as any that you have are to you, are interested in the return of peace. There are vacant places at my own hearthstone, and when peace shall return to this land, there will come back, I trust, to my own household those who are as dear to me as yours can be to you. If the termination of this war be procrastinated, those members of my household are subject to all the hazards of battle. I want peace. You want peace. Above all, the rebels want peace. [Applause.] They are beginning to feel the halter draw around their necks; they are beginning to feel that a little of the staple of Missouri will be applicable to their own persons. They are beginning to feel in regard to the suspension of the *habeas corpus* that if the *habeas corpus* is not suspended, the *corpus* will be. [Laughter.] Who in all our unfortunate country does not desire that peace shall return to our distracted land? What have been the sacrifices that we have made upon the red battle field? How many homes have been desolated? Indeed, in what home throughout the broad North does not gloom sit upon the social hearthstone?—But we want a peace, my friends, which shall be lasting as time. We want a peace that shall eradicate every seed that might generate another war. We want a peace, and we have almost conquered it, that shall impose upon those that follow us no such dread duties as belong to us. But I thank my God that I live in this day. I know—every discerning man must have known—that in the progress of time this struggle was to come. No one but a coward would shrink it, and every gallant man will thank his God that he lives in the day and hour when he can participate in this struggle by his voice, by his means, and by his efforts.
In all the history of our country since we have been a Government, we have been familiar with the organization of parties. They have subserved, and they will subserve, a useful purpose. But I am not aware that, until this day, any party in this country has been other than a loyal party. In times of peace, it is wise, it is best that there should be in the community different political organizations, that they may watch each other. But all parties that have heretofore existed have only divided upon the simple question of the administrative policy of the Government. Never, until now, has a party grown up with disloyalty as its basis. But at a time like the present there should be no party but the party of the country. Conventions may adopt their party platforms; but I am frank to say, as an independent man, that I hold to but one platform, which is expressed in but two words—our country. [Applause.] That platform is brief in its terms, but it is comprehensive. As to the political organization of which this meeting to-night is one of the manifestations, I deny that we are a party.—We are an association formed for the purpose of forwarding the cause of the Union. This is our object—nothing else. That object rises far above every mere political consideration. Why, my friends, I cannot look down low enough to see a man who, at such a time as this, claims to be a party man. I cannot comprehend the motive which directs the course of such a man. I say that our country is at this time the only platform for the patriotic citizen. We are men of all political antecedents—men who have been members of all political parties; but have no other flag than the old stars and stripes, and no other country than our own beloved Republic. [Applause.] I have been all my life a party man; I am now a party man, but I would be ashamed of myself if I should come here to-night to talk of party doctrines and party creeds. I am a Republican all over, from the end of my hair to the end of my toe-nails. [Laughter.] I only state that fact; I do not want to bring it into the discussion of the great questions at issue. I lay aside in the discussion of these questions all partisan feelings. The flag of my country, the Union and the Constitution are the considerations by which I appeal to you.
Let me ask you, what are our duties to the Government? Do we not too often forget what are the obligations that we owe to our Government? Government is in the nature of a contract with its citizens. Governments are ordained of God. With no Government, there is anarchy.

In order to secure our protection in certain rights, we as citizens yield to the government certain other rights. The object of founding governments is to protect the weak from the strong. Governments are instituted, as has been expressed in language better than any I can employ, for the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I know that modern Democracy tells you that Government is for the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of "cigars!"—[Laughter.] What are the correlative duties and obligations of the citizen and the Government? The Government being founded, according to our theory, upon the consent of the governed, it is the duty of the Government to protect the citizen in his life, in his liberty, and in the pursuit of happiness. What are the duties of the citizen to the Government? First, the Government having discharged its duty to its citizens, (and I hold that ours has done that,) it is the duty of the citizen to contribute from his means all that shall be necessary for the support and maintenance of Government. In times of peace, the demands of the Government have been limited; in time of war, they are and must be extensive, and the response of the citizen should be correspondingly generous. There is not a man among us who does not owe to the Government all his means, if those means are necessary to the preservation of its life. More than that, there is not a muscle in his right arm, or in his physical frame; there is not a drop of blood that flows in his veins; there is nothing that he possesses which he does not owe to the Government in a time like this, in regard to its having discharged its duty to him.—You have breathed the air that comes fresh from your hills, you have drunk the pure water from your gushing mountain streams until you are thankful, and do not regard the value of the blessings which you have enjoyed. When stretched upon a bed of disease, a man knows the value of health; when obliged to drink from the stagnant pool, he knows the value of the pure and sparkling spring; when obliged to breathe the noxious airs of a prison house, he knows the value of the pure air that God gives him. Long years of peace and prosperity, carrying us from feeble colonies to a magnificent republic of thirty millions, have made us thankful to the Government for the blessings that it has showered upon us as Heaven showers its dew. You go home to the quiet of your domestic fireside; you meet there your loved ones; you have around you means that make life pleasant and joyous. But what are all the blessings of domestic life unless theegis of Government be thrown over and around you? They are valueless. In this struggle, every citizen owes all his means, and, if necessary, his life, to preserve the best Government God ever gave to man.
My friends, are you all ready to perform the duty which, as loyal citizens, devolves upon you? We are to-day engaged in a contest which, stripped of all extraneous matter, reduces itself to a single proposition—country, or no country. The question at issue in this contest is, whether we shall have a country of freedom, or whether we shall have no country at all. That is the only question to be determined in the coming election. We have got to crush out this rebellion, or be crushed out ourselves. I do not quite like the statement which I have made—we are going to crush out this rebellion. [Cheers.] The man who does not believe that, I hold to be a political infidel. I would soon doubt the sun's rising or setting as doubt that we are to be a government of freedom. All the cohorts of hell and rebellion can never prevail against us. Rather than suffer liberty to perish here, our ladies will buckle on the habiliments of war. Gray-headed and tottering age will throw away its crutch for the musket. The little child will seize the rifle and battle for liberty. No, friends, our old ship of State is to float on triumphantly through uncounted ages. The Lord have mercy on those who shall oppose it! I pity them. In the history of our country, we have had some slight illustration of the fate of those who opposed the cause of the country in time of war. In the Revolutionary war we had a Benedict Arnold. There were men who opposed the war of 1812; but those men stand without a spot on their garments when compared with the rebel sympathizers in the free States in 1864. I think that Judas Iscariot would complain of being compared with him. At a time like this, when there should be no platform but our country, we have a party that calls itself the Democratic party. God save the mark! [Laughter.] My friends, I was a Democrat of the straightest sect, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. But I think that if Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Andrew Jackson should come back to

this world to-day, they would not recognize as the party with which they acted the organization which calls itself the Democratic party. I belonged to the Democratic organization when it aimed at the elevation of man—when it sought to follow the teachings of the fathers of the Republic—when Democracy meant the elevation of man, morally, intellectually, politically. Now, Democracy means the debasement of man. I belonged to the Democratic organization when it held that a man should go for his country right or wrong. Though I do not know that I ever quite adopted that principle, yet my motto was—my country! if she is right, I will sustain her; if she is wrong, I will try to right her; but my country above everything else! That is not modern Democracy. A modern Democrat is a man who sympathizes with rebellion; who indirectly aids it; who has no sympathy with that principle which would elevate man, and carry the nation onward in a career of greatness and glory. Modern Democracy gets down and worships at the shrine of Jefferson Davis, discourages enlistments, throws every possible obstacle in the way of preserving the integrity of the Government. These men are called "Copperheads," because the copperhead snake is the meanest God Almighty ever made.—The modern Democratic party is made up of sore heads and Copperheads.
I may say, my friends, that I have come here with commingled emotions of pleasure and regret. It is to me a matter of deep regret that the cloud of war still hangs over our horizon. But I can see, and I think you can see, the bright lining of that cloud. How long ere the bright sun of peace shall again illumine the whole country I know not; no man knows; but that question could be answered with the certainty of mathematical demonstration, if we knew how long Northern Democrats propose to give sympathy, encouragement and comfort to the rebels of the South. When the efforts of Northern sympathizers with treason shall cease, peace will return to the country within thirty days. For the last two years the rebels have lived upon the hope which this Northern sympathy has afforded them. Take away that hope, and their cause will crumble like a withered leaf. If we but do our duty to the Government as loyal citizens, the work of suppressing this rebellion will be accomplished. But it is fruitless to send our sons to the front if we do not do our duty at home. [Cheers.] In this crisis, and at this time, a ballot at home is as efficient for the cause of liberty as a bullet shot at the rebels in the field. We, as civilians, have a duty to perform not less important than the duty of those who bear the musket. It is to send to our soldiers the cheering intelligence that we, at the polls, will imitate what Phil Sheridan is doing in the Shenandoah Valley. [Loud cheers.] And we will do it. [Renewed applause.] Of all the elections which we have heretofore had in this country, none have equalled or approached in importance that upon which we are now entering. It is to determine whether we shall have a Government or not; it is to determine whether, having a Government, we will perpetuate it. I know that we will do our duty. We will support our army. We will preserve this Government. We will hold it up for the admiration of the lovers of liberty all over the world.—Who in all this mighty conclave can comprehend the importance of this election? I own that the brain of man is not capable of grasping the importance of the question. Shall republican institutions be perpetuated, or go down with the eternal night of despotism?
Such evidence as the following, from a veteran soldier, is not rare:—"On the advance from Fisher's Hill, I talked with a rebel Captain. He stated to me that the only hope of the rebels to gain their independence was in the election of General M'Clellan; for, in that event, he will be rendered powerless by such men as Seymour, Wood, Vallandigham, and the men who would constitute his Cabinet. He also stated that an armistice would be declared, the blockade raised, and we 'Yanks' would have to go north of the Rappahannock. 'England will flood the South with her goods, and then we can say to you Yanks—Recognize our national position and give us back what you took from us, or we'll fight you for four years more.' I find this to be the general opinion of the rebel prisoners."
"J. CROZIER, 128th Pennsylvania."
Before the rebellion broke out, Senator Douglas, referring to the Southern States, said: "If they remain in the Union, I will go as far as the Constitution will warrant me in securing their rights; but if they secede, I am in favor of allowing them just as many slaves and just as much slave territory as they can hold at the point of the bayonet."

M'Clellan's Gunboat Experience.

The following correspondence explains itself. It is only necessary to say, says the Philadelphia Press, that Dr. Van Gieson is well known in this city, and the statements made in his letter have been frequently repeated to persons here:—
NEWARK, Oct. 7, 1864.—Dear Sir:—I remember, soon after your return here from the James river, where you acted as Surgeon of the gunboat *Galena*, hearing you state that General M'Clellan was on board during the retreat of our army to Harrison's Landing, and during the battles of Glendale and Malvern Hill. Having frequently heard it reiterated, I take the liberty of writing to be reassured.
Yours truly, A. VAN WINKLE.
To R. E. VAN GIESON, M. D., Englishtown, Monmouth county, N. J.
[REPLY.]
ENGLISHTOWN, N. J., Oct. 10, 1864.—My Dear Sir:—Yours of the 7th inst. was received in due time. Agreeably to your request I will write the facts concerning General M'Clellan's presence on board the United States steamer *Galena*, which I have so frequently stated to you and many other of my friends in Newark.
In so doing I must confess my utter surprise that my testimony should be needed to substantiate a fact already so well established, that no sane person, whether he side with him or against him personally or politically, can doubt it.
Even M'Clellan himself, in giving his testimony upon this identical question, admits by implication that he was present, although, apparently ashamed to answer the direct question, he retreats under the cover of a defective memory. His answer, you recollect, is, "I do not remember. It is possible I may have been, my camp was near the river." How is it that General M'Clellan's memory should become so wonderfully oblivious to his long and wearisome stay upon the quarter-deck and in the cabin of the *Galena* is to me entirely unexplainable, for he certainly was present in the body, if perchance absent in the spirit, and ate, drank, walked, smoked and talked like any other man.
An event of such importance, at such a critical time, is, as you may well suppose, as indelibly stamped upon my memory as the answer to the first question in the "Shorter Catechism."
My eyes were constantly upon him, and my ears upon the alert, both to learn the man and catch some tidings of the situation, of which we had most ominous forebodings.
My observations and impressions made at that time, were written at that time in my daily journal, now lying before me, from which I give you the essential facts of the case under consideration.
On the morning of June 30, 1862, the *Galena*, at that time flag-ship of the squadron, lay near Haxall's Landing. I was on the morning of that day sent on shore to inspect some of the wounded who had been sent to the river bank for transportation, and after having returned on board with Captain Rodgers, learned that another battle was expected during the afternoon of the same day. About 2 P. M. we ran to the conjectured headquarters of General M'Clellan. Captain Rodgers here went on shore, and after a short absence brought M'Clellan on board with him. He was received by the officers in undress uniform, and was accompanied by the Prince de Joinville and his two nephews, and others of lesser note, whom I did not particularly notice, as my whole attention was concentrated upon M'Clellan.—Near 4 P. M. Lieutenant Clum of the Signal Corps, then stationed in the fore-top, reported "enemy advancing in large force upon the left."
We ran up some distance further, where we could distinctly hear an almost incessant roar of artillery, mingled with volleys of musketry, apparently about a mile or two off. We then commenced throwing shells upward (the banks, or rather bluffs, being quite high,) and to the left. In a few moments we received signal, "Your shells doing well." We continued thus firing until sundown, during which we received the following despatches:—"M'Call is breaking."—"Sumner is having a hard time." M'Clellan then left the *Galena* for the field—about 6 P. M. The last despatch received was late in the evening, "Our men bringing in enemy's wounded."
Near midnight it was rumored that we had held our position, and captured one thousand prisoners. And so ended the battle of Glendale.
On Tuesday, July 1, 1862, at about 9 A. M., General M'Clellan again came on board, looking jaded, anxious and weary. At 10 A. M. we proceeded down the river as far as Harrison's Landing. M'Clellan meanwhile went into the cabin to take a

little sleep. At 12 30 P. M. M'Clellan came from the cabin and took passage in a tug with Gen. Franklin to the encampment. In about an hour M'Clellan returned when we immediately started up the river, hearing heavy firing as we passed up.—Near Carter's dock it increased to a roar. M'Clellan, though quietly smoking a cigar upon the quarter-deck, seemed anxious, and looked inquiringly at the signal officer, who was receiving a message from shore.
In a minute he reported "heavy firing near Porter's Division." Shortly after this, about 4 P. M., a message came demanding his presence in the field, and he left the vessel. 9.30 P. M., firing almost ceased. At 11 P. M. M'Clellan returned, accompanied by General Marcy. General M'Clellan says, "They took one gun from us yesterday; but to-day we have taken many of their guns and colors." "Yes," said Marcy, "we whipped them like the devil to-day," and with this encouraging assurance I retired, feeling quite sure that it came from a "reliable gentleman." So ended Malvern Hill.
On July 2d we hoisted anchor at daylight; shortly after we dropped anchor, which was about 9 A. M., M'Clellan left us. At 9 P. M. he again came on board, and remained until 10 A. M., July 3, 1862, when he left us, looking more anxious than pleasant. This was his last appearance. These are the facts which, though forgotten by General M'Clellan, are well remembered by the officers of the *Galena*.
And now I trust I have sufficiently reassured you. If you find retiners still, just ask them to step down to Washington and consult the Log-book of the United States steamer *Galena* for June 30, July 1, July 2, July 3, 1862, where, over the bold signature of "Fighting John Rodgers," they will find ample proof of what they so much dread to believe.
Truly, your friend,
R. E. VAN GIESON, M. D.
To A. VAN WINKLE, Newark, N. J.

Major White's Experience in Richmond.
Major White, formerly State Senator of Pennsylvania, who was recently released from Richmond after an imprisonment of fourteen months, spoke at a Union meeting in Philadelphia the other night. He said:—"When the Christian and Sanitary Commissions (God bless them) sent us boxes our condition was improved. But after a time they looked upon the contents of our boxes with anxious eyes, and whether they clobbered them up or not, future history will determine. The speaker on Christmas day felt almost happy in the thought of hearing from and sending home. He had been urged to speak for his brethren in misfortune, and asked for the privilege. The well known tyrant, Turner, commander of the prison, informed the speaker that he was to go direct to Salisbury, by order of Gen. Winder, who, at Andersonville, last July, caused one thousand dead soldiers to be carried out of the stockade. By his order the speaker was taken to Salisbury, where the Baltimore Plugs took charge of him. He had given his blankets and other things to his fellow prisoners. This was Christmas day, and as he went up the streets of Richmond the Plug Uglies cheered him with the assurance that he would never be exchanged. That didn't help him along very much.
"There are no happy scenes in Richmond. There are no happy smiles of children. There are no prosperous business houses. Everything seemed to pre-arrange the doom that awaits it. God grant that that doom may soon come. (Cheers.) He arrived at Salisbury. He was put in a cold room, stripped and searched. He still had a few borrowed greenbacks, and had put them in his boots. He managed to save them. They had scrutinized all his family letters and laid them on the table. He managed to slip the greenbacks under the letters, and afterwards restored all to his pockets. In the room above him lay Gen. Corcoran. He was said to be well treated, but not so the speaker.—They put him in an eight foot dungeon. The guard was forbidden to speak to him, or allow anybody else to do so. There was no light in the cell. A piece of iron-clad corn bread and a bone of meat were placed upon the floor, without a plate, for his first day's food.
"There was no charge against him except that he was a Union Senator of Pennsylvania. Though entitled to the treatment of a prisoner of war, he was selected from all his companions and thus treated. He was kept there for three weeks, and afterwards in old smokehouse, used as a dead house, for the balance of the winter. It is the policy of the rebel officers to wear out the lives of those Union officers to whom they take a prejudice."